

"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne.



Them Was the Happy Days

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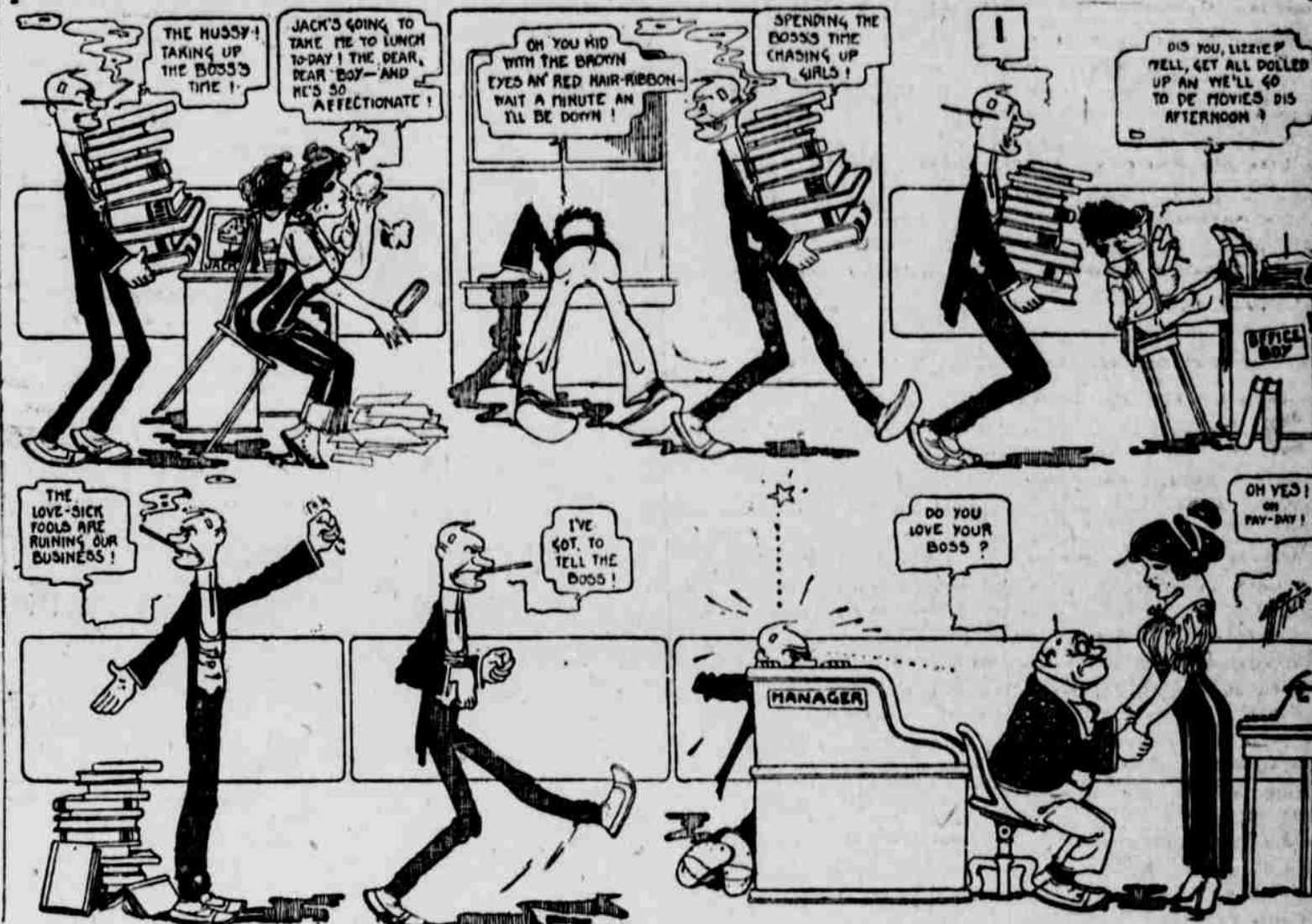
By Dwig



"Everybody's Doing It!"

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By Carmichael



Betty Vincent's Advice

"The Kind of Man for Me" (No. 1. The Business Man) By Eleanor Schorer
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The Day's Good Stories

Truly a Kind Dog.

TREYED Ben telling dog stories, but the old man shook so much told his tale.

"Ah," he said at last, "but my little dog Jumbo—he was a dog!"

"And what happened?" they asked.

"He's gone," said the old man sorrowfully. "His death was a small affliction to him. Times were bad with me just then. I took my place the furniture went, till at last we'd only the bed left. Then came the hard—on knock of all—Dier, 21."

"How was that?" they queried.

"Dier 'most of the inland revenue!" said the old man.

"Yes! but what's that got to do with the dog?"

"Everything!" he heard me tell the maids on the night of the 22nd that I had a dog's left, and he was that considerable he went out and did in the cold!"

"Rather than that!"

"Fats! No! Rather than live another day and let me in for a new house!"—Answers.

Remember the Accent.

"QUEEN MARY," said the teacher to the class in their history lesson, "loved France so much that she declared the whole of Calais would be found written on her heart after she was dead."

Pausing a moment the teacher looked at a boy steadily. "Jimmy Smith," she said, "you were not listening."

"Oh yes, I was," Jimmy replied.

"Well, what did Queen Mary say would be found written across her heart?"

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Good-Hearted Cabbage.

A WELL-KNOWN expert in cooking encountered trouble in a school room community the other afternoon when she prepared to lecture to the Mothers' Club. Her subject was "How to Cook," and she began by telling how much a man appreciates good cooking and then she proceeded to give various recipes.

Among the first was one for cold stew. "To have this best," began the lecturer, "take a good-battered cabbage and..."

At this point a young matron interrupted. She was eager to get all the information possible. "Tell me, please," she asked up, "how is one to know the direction of a cabbage?"—Philadelphia Times.

The Right Side.

"JOHN," said Senator Carter to Private John Allen, "you are a farmer, and I want your opinion on an agricultural question. Should a man sit on the far side or the near side of a cow to milk her?"

"Both," replied Allen.

"Now, John," protested the Senator, "be serious for once. This is an important question. Should a man sit on the far side or the near side of a cow when milking?"

"Both," Allen replied again—"the farthest side of the cow and the nearest to a soft place in the pasture."—Evening Post.

Rehearsal.

A nun who, by charity work, telling a family in the brownest district was alarmed to see the mother dash a cup of cold water in the face of the baby she had just finished dressing.

Tom sought to express her amazement, the visitor held her breath, expecting the air to be rent with screams. When none came, the child merrily swimmingly, she said: "Dear me, I should think he'd object more than that."

"Wondering, ye, now?" said the good mother, solemnly. "Sure I've been practicing on him for three weeks. He won't bawl when he's hungry and slumber. He'll be used to it."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

